FREE! in this issue...an exciting BATCHUTE!!

TV TORNADO

No. 1
JANUARY 14, 1967
EVERY TUESDAY
6D

FEATURING ALL-ACTION: BATMAN · VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA · BONANZA · UNCLE · SUPERMAN · TARZAN · PHANTOM · FLASH GORDON . AND OTHERS

Batman & Robin

Tarzan

Bonanza

Superman

The Man from U.N.C.L.E

TV TORNADO

FLASH POINT

by Ed Storm

TV Tornado,
High Holborn House,
53/54, High Holborn,
London, W.C.1.

HELLO,

And welcome to *TV Tornado* — something new in comic entertainment. Not just strips, not just serials, not just stories . . . but all three in a bumper bundle of thrills!

Meet your favourite characters from television's top action programmes, *Batman*, *Bonanza*, *The Man from UNCLE* and *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*.

PLUS, PLUS, PLUS . . . *Superman*, the flying strongman from another planet; *Flash Gordon*, daring hero of Space; *The Phantom*, the ghost who walks, and *Tarzan*, muscular giant of the jungle.

It's action all the way in *TV Tornado*!

FLASH!

FOLLOW Admiral Harriman Nelson of *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, *Tarzan* and the rugged Cartwrights of *Bonanza* in weekly strips — a complete adventure in each issue.

FOLLOW *Flash Gordon* and *The Phantom* in gripping strip serials.

FOLLOW *Batman*, the Caped Crusader, and his assistant, Robin; *The Man from UNCLE* (Napoleon Solo with his Russian sidekick, Illya Kuryakin), and *Superman* in exciting, long stories.

Every week in *TV Tornado*!

FLASH!

TV Tornado will also feature terrific giveaways.

This week: an exciting Batchute — just throw and watch Batman float to earth!

Next week: baffling *Tornado* Magic Cards.

The week after: £1,000 in competition prizes!

You can't afford to miss *TV Tornado*. Go, go, go with *TV Tornado* — and happy reading!

"That's Hoppy Sam — he's quick on the trigger but slow on the draw!"

DICTIONARY definition of "Tornado" is a storm affecting a limited area, in which the wind is constantly whirling and changing direction.

TV Tornado isn't that kind of tornado. But we promise you a STORM of laughter and thrills, a WHIRL of action and CHANGES to keep you interested. In UNLIMITED areas

FLASH!

NEWS from Gotham City . .

Vintage copies of *Batman* comics are fetching up to 30 dollars (about £10) each in America. That's how much the producers of the TV series are paying for original, hard-to-find issues.

FLASH!

TELEVISION'S *The Munsters* started a fashion in "monster" gags. Like these . .

WHY does a monster have a hole in his head?

He's a fresh air fiend!

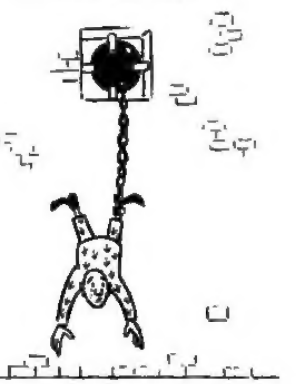
WHAT would you do if you saw a yellow monster?

Call him a coward!

DO you know how long monsters live?

The same as short ones!

REAL hero of *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* is Seaview, the huge nuclear-powered submarine which takes its crew into danger and excitement. It is 600 feet long, glass-nosed, capable of 70 knots



under water, and is docked 200 feet below the earth. Of course, such a submarine doesn't really exist. If it did the cost would be astounding — the TV sets cost £150,000 to build!

FLASH!

REMEMBER, *TV Tornado* is YOUR magazine. I want to know what you think about it, the features you like best and ones you would like to see. Write to me, Ed Storm, at the address above. In future weeks I'll be printing some of your letters.

And that's all for now. See you again next week!

U YOU SPOT

● *During World War II many young R.A.F. flyers sported a large sprouting moustache. It is more unusual to see one nowadays. Score 10 points for spotting one.*

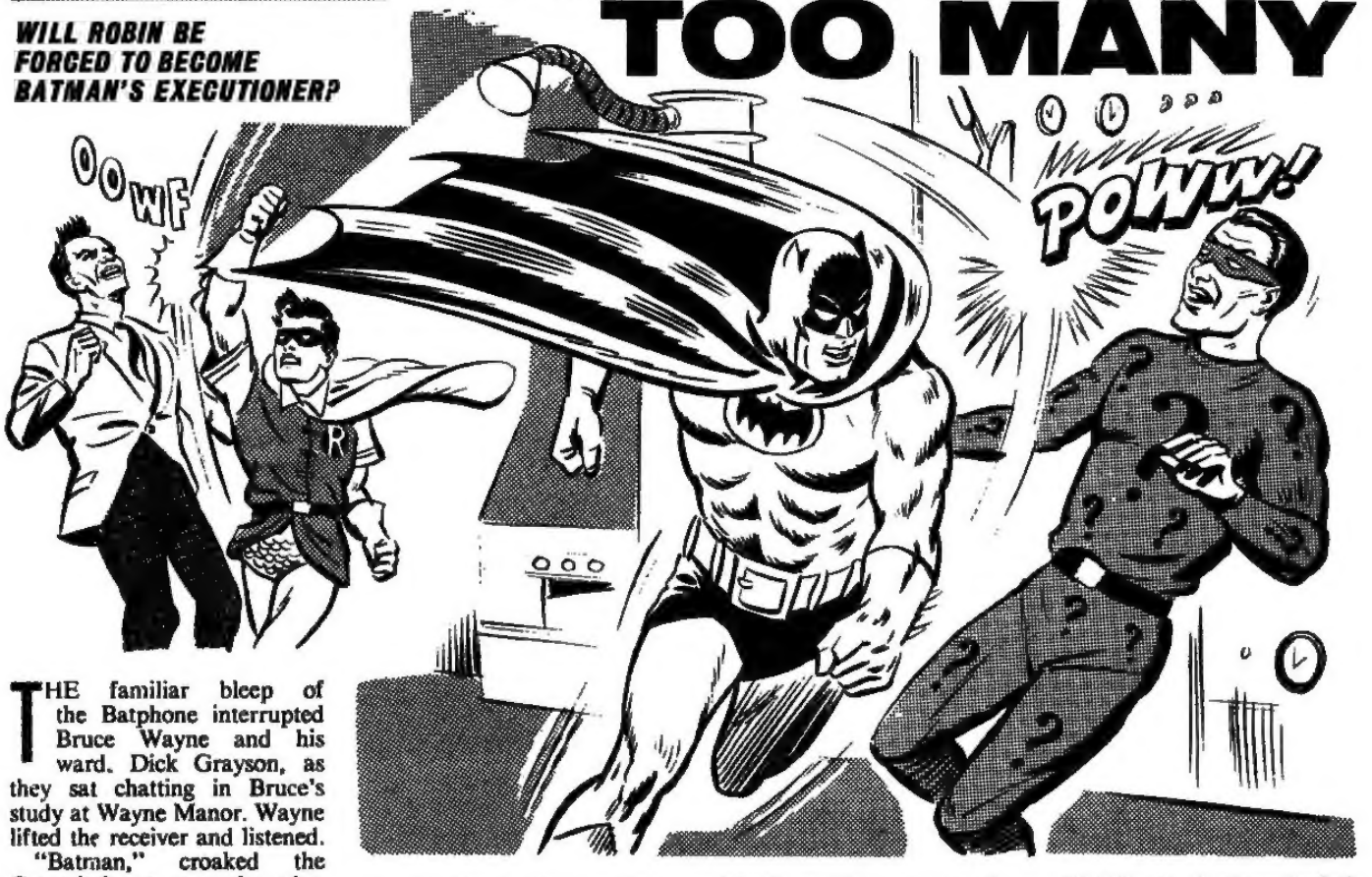
● *Single eye glasses called monocles have existed since the middle of the last century — usually associated with crusty old colonels! Score 15 for spotting one.*

BATMAN WITH ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

The Riddler puts Batman in the hot seat—and when Robin gets swinging, Batman will be switched on!

ONE RIDDLE TOO MANY

WILL ROBIN BE FORCED TO BECOME BATMAN'S EXECUTIONER?



THE familiar bleep of the Batphone interrupted Bruce Wayne and his ward, Dick Grayson, as they sat chatting in Bruce's study at Wayne Manor. Wayne lifted the receiver and listened.

"Batman," croaked the Commissioner, over the wire. "Thank heavens you're there. It's the Riddler again, Batman. Come at once; there's not a moment to be lost if we are to lay that rogue by the heels."

"We're on our way, sir," snapped Wayne and he hung up. "Action stations, Robin," he grinned. He pressed the switch for the Batcave and the bookcases rolled back. "To the Batpoles!"

A CONUNDRUM

MOMENTS later, Batman and Boy Wonder roared out of the Batcave in the Batmobile and headed for Gotham City. During the 14-mile journey neither spoke. Words would have been wasted until they knew the score.

Commissioner Gordon had calmed down by the time Batman and Robin swept into his room. Eagerly he shook their hands. "The Riddler, Batman," he said. "Unmistakeably. That leering face and that queer garb he wears, with query signs all over it. The miscreant had the audacity to swing in here on a rope, overpower me and tie me to my own chair. And, he left his usual brainless conundrum."

"Ah!" said Batman, hiding the grin which would have hurt the Commissioner's feelings. "Another riddle? What this time, eh?"

"Here it is, Batman," said Chief O'Hara, handing over a paper.

"Listen to this Robin," Batman said. "Where is the Dynamic Duo when the lights go out?"

"Kid stuff," scoffed Boy Wonder. "In the dark, of course."

"Precisely," Batman said thoughtfully. "This seems even more senseless than the scoundrel's usual conundrums. But there is always more in his riddles than meets the eye." He spun round to the Commissioner.

"Well, sir, it's no use searching the building or the roof, where he must have let himself down from. He'll have got clear away by now and be plotting wholesale robbery in his usual way. A quick and audacious snatch robbery, on the biggest scale.

"That would mean jewellery, in large quantities. Rich parties and many jewelled ladies of wealth. *That's it!* There are many wealthy people in Gotham City giving parties round about now and they all wear their most expensive and exotic finery."

HEADS OR TAILS

"WHY, Batman," said Gordon. "There are two big parties announced for this very night. There's one at the Schuyler-Farmer mansion, to celebrate Mrs Farmer's birthday. And there's the coming-of-age party of the youngest son of the de Groot Greys."

"We'll attend them both," said Batman smoothly. "I've no doubt at all that the Riddler will be in attendance as well." He turned and, with Boy Wonder, swept out of the room.

"You know, Batman, it could be either party," Boy Wonder said as they enjoyed the excellent supper left for them by Alfred, the butler, and Aunt Harriet at Wayne Manor.

"So," Wayne said with a twinkle, "we'll have to toss a coin. Heads it's the de Groot Grey's and tails it's the Schuyler-Farmer's." He spun a coin. "It's tails, so here goes for the glad rags, Mr Schuyler-Farmer's hospitality and, we hope, a tussle with the Riddler."

The Dynamic Duo—as Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson—were enthusiastically greeted by Mrs Schuyler-Farmer and her millionaire husband. "So glad you could come after all."

Wayne answered smoothly, "You know I wouldn't miss one of your parties for any-

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thing, dear lady."

Bruce and Dick circulated through the throng of guests. "No signs of the rogue yet, Robin," murmured Bruce as midnight approached. They scanned the faces of the guests while they partook of the buffet supper and listened to the world-famous singing group hired by their hostess.

"The Riddler would never disguise himself like one of these people," Robin said. "He'll come as himself, with an army of hoodlums."

"Then he isn't here," Wayne said emphatically. "Now, I wonder—" Their hostess was bearing down on them with a letter in her hand.

"Dear Bruce," she said, "this note has just been handed in to me by my butler. It was left at the door for the 'owner of the big, red car'. That must be you. It's from a Mr Riddler."

As calmly as he could Bruce Wayne took the letter and mumbled his thanks to the lady. "Robin," he muttered when she had left and he had read the note. "That coin I tossed wasn't my lucky one. Listen to this: 'In the dark, what are all cats?' "

FAMOUS FIRSTS

■ *First man to sail solo around the world was Captain Joshua Slocum, who left Newport, Rhode Island, USA, in the 36-ft. oyster boat, Spray, in 1898. His 46,000 mile voyage took three years, two months, 12 days. An epic of endurance.*

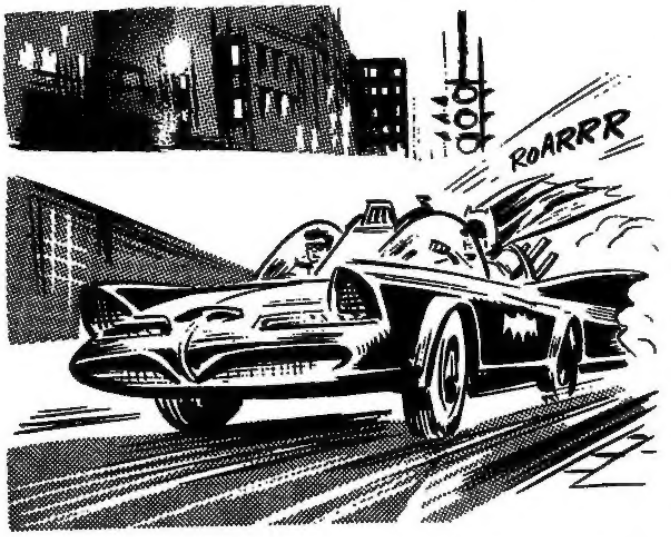
"The Riddler again," jerked Robin. "Why, of course, the old saying — in the dark all cats are grey."

"Exactly," snapped Wayne. "*Grey!* The de Groot Grey's party. He has outsmarted us, Boy Wonder. We must get there at once."

With murmured excuses, they got away and into the Batmobile. Garbed again as Batman and Boy Wonder, they were soon speeding towards that part of the city where stood the de Groot Grey mansion, when the Batphone in the car bleeped.

"Commissioner," Batman grated. "What goes on?"

"Good heavens, Batman," groaned Gordon. "I've been looking all over for you two. Just before midnight at the Grey mansion, all the lights went out. In the panic and the screaming, a horde of the Riddler's mobsters leaped in and stripped the guests of every bit of jewellery. The haul must be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, Batman. And when they'd gone, all the lights came back on again, and examination of all the fuse-boxes showed no faults. Where have you been all evening?"



"We've been after the Riddler, Commissioner," Batman replied crisply. "We are still after him." He hung up the phone. "Robin, that villain is out to superspoof us. I'll give you one guess where we're going now."

"Why, back to the Schuyler-Farmer's house," Robin said. "It's obvious, isn't it? He'll do *both* jobs tonight, having drawn us away from there by that riddle about the grey cats."

The parachutes dragged out from the rear of the Batmobile, the great car swung in a tight Bat-turn and roared back the way they had come. The way led through narrow streets until they came to an intersection where a red light blocked their way.

"This is a new traffic light to me, Batman," Robin frowned. "Say, there's suddenly a lot of people about. Now, what . . . ."

"I'll step on it," Batman said and the Batmobile roared past the red light. It collided with a ray!

RIDDLER'S LAIR

THE ray, shooting out from a low window, swept over the whole length of the great car. Instantly, the engine died and the Batmobile, out of power, careered across the intersection and into a vast net stretched across the opposite street. The car, with the Dynamic Duo helpless inside, was hauled into the net and the net was dragged into a nearby yard and the shed door closed. Batman tried all the weapons in the Batmobile, but the electrical circuits were completely dead. He sat back and gripped Robin's arm.

"We aren't going to that party, Boy Wonder," he said.

"But you are going to *a* party, Batman and Boy Wonder," came a gloating voice from the face that poked through the window. "You are going to a party where you will be the guest of honour, Caped Crusader. And Robin, the Boy Wonder, will be Master of Ceremonies. You haven't been very smart at figuring out my riddles this time, my dearest enemies . . . Now, now, sit still."

The imprisoned pair had leaped for the car door but the Riddler, for it was the scoundrel himself, quickly squirted a bulb filled with a sweetish gas into their faces. In no time at all both were being dragged out of the Batmobile unconscious. "To the Riddler's lair with them," barked the gangster. "You know what to do."

When Batman came to himself he could move neither his arms nor his legs. On his head he felt a strange pressure. He was sitting in a chair and each wrist was bound to a chair-arm by a metal band, and each ankle was likewise secured to a chair-leg. On his head was a metal cap. He could see cables

★

THE GREATEST...

■ **The greatest new action TV adventures will always appear in *TV Tornado*. Be miles ahead with *TV Tornado*.**

★

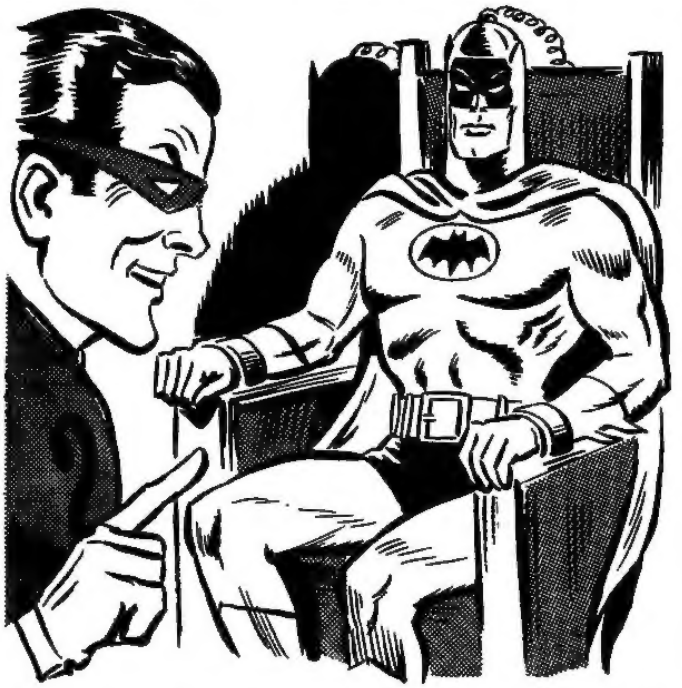
COLLECTORS' CORNER

THE COLLECTION OF MATCHBOX LABELS

A WORLD FAMOUS MATCHBOX.

THESE have been collected for well over 100 years — since "friction" matches were invented by an English chemist in 1826 — and there are almost as many different kinds as there are stamps.

THE most exciting ones come from Mexico, Sweden and India and you can specialise in labels illustrating history, war, royalty or transport. Common British labels can be swopped with pen-pals abroad.



snaking away from the chair and he knew then in what sort of a chair he was confined. It was an electric chair!

The evil, grinning face of the Riddler was leering into his. "This time it's curtains for Batman and Boy Wonder," he cackled. "This is a treat I've long promised myself. Robin is being privileged to throw the switch that will fry you, my fine Caped Crusader. You've meddled in my affairs far too long, Batman. This time I'm going to end once and for all your career of crime-fighting."

50,000 VOLTS

"THAT career isn't over yet, Riddler, you blackguard," Batman replied calmly. "I wouldn't count my chickens just yet, if I were you."

"Ah, but *this* time, there will be no miraculous, last-minute escape," chortled the Riddler. "This time you have come to the end of the road. Note this switch. It is the master-switch that will send 50,000 volts of electricity into your body. You'll fry like a chicken, Caped Crusader—one chicken at least that I'll be able to count."

"And just how are you going to force me to pull that lever, Riddler?" Robin demanded. He was bound and lying on the ground.

The Riddler grinned and made a sign to one of his henchmen. A rope was pulled and the trussed-up Robin rose into the air. The switch-box was carefully moved until it was just under where Robin swung. A long, flat bar of metal was attached to the switch-arm and the Riddler grinned evilly.

"You see, it can't miss, my fine meddlesome Dynamic Duo. The rope is cut and Boy Wonder falls on the lever. Fifty thousand volts slam through your body, Batman, and the world of crime in Gotham City is relieved of its greatest nuisance. I shall probably send Boy Wonder back with your frizzled carcass, Batman, just to show Commissioner Gordon and Chief O'Hara that it is quite useless trying to fight the Riddler."

"You rat!" yelled Robin squirming in his bonds at the end of the rope.

"You could be right, young friend," grinned the Riddler. "Rats are the most ferocious and most ruthless of killers, for their size. Now to business. There is a little thing I want to show you both before you, er, kick off, as it were."

Chuckling fiendishly, he swaggered over to one of the walls of the big room, where his hirelings were standing beside what looked like a small field-gun. Wires and tubes surrounded its barrel and the Riddler slapped this shining barrel with the flat of his hand.

DID YOU KNOW?

THAT a world non-stop talking record of 133 hours was set up in Dartford, Kent, by Irishman Kevin Sheehan.

THAT 6 ft. 5 in. American golfer, George Bayer, made the longest-ever drive of 420 yards in 1953.

THAT the biggest cigar ever made measures 5 ft. 7 in. and would smoke for 600 hours! It's in a German museum.

ANOTHER RIDDLE

"MY latest invention, Dynamic Duo," he boasted. "If only you had read that first riddle correctly. With this invention I can short-circuit all electric current within range. With this little toy, as a test run, I have tonight secured a half-million dollars' worth of the world's most exotic jewellery and it was, as the saying goes, as easy as shelling peas.

"Now, I have a third riddle for you, my dear enemies. Why is a turnip like a tiara? Hee-hee! Even if you *can* find the answer to that little conundrum, it will be too late, will it not?"

The Riddler chortled and took a cutlass from one of his thugs. He made one or two swipes at the rope suspending the dangling Robin, grinning and hooting all the while. Batman felt a sudden sweat break out.

Then he noticed something different about the swinging Robin . . . something which the Riddler, in his frenzied delight at his coming vengeance, had not spotted. Robin's swings were growing steadily wider as he twisted his bound body away from the wildly lashing cutlass. It enraged the half-crazy Riddler and, suddenly, his blade met the rope and Robin fell. But he fell, not on the switch bar, but on their tormentor!

Knocked off his feet, the miscreant fell sprawling. As his thugs began to rush forward, Robin, by a titanic effort, broke his bonds and grabbed for the fallen cutlass. But he did not turn to face the mobsters coming towards him. Instead, he knelt by the electric chair and began to hack at the thick cable leading to it.

"Robin. Robin," shouted Batman. "Don't do that; you'll be electrocuted."

His great fear for Boy Wonder's life lent Batman added strength. The electrodes, of thick copper, bent and twisted, creaked and strained and then they gave. With one leap he was at the electro-neutraliser, knocked clear the crooks guarding it and swung it round and switched it on so that its ray would cover the area of the electric chair where Robin, almost suffocating from the weight of the struggling hoodlums, was still doggedly sawing at the cable.

Swirling his cloak, Batman sailed into the mobsters.

Wham! *Pow!* Biff! *Slam!* His fists flailed and the hoodlums reeled like tenpins. Robin saw that he was free, dropped the cutlass and tore in beside him.

Batman heard a howl of thwarted fury. The Riddler was over by the electro-neutraliser gun and some of his henchmen were dragging it out of a large door.

"There'll be another time, Dynamic Duo," bawled the enraged crook and then the door slammed and Batman and Robin were alone.

But it was easy to solve the third riddle. The Dynamic Duo and police summoned on the Batphone reached the Farmers' party in time to capture the Riddler's minions as they tried another gem snatch in darkness induced by the neutraliser gun.

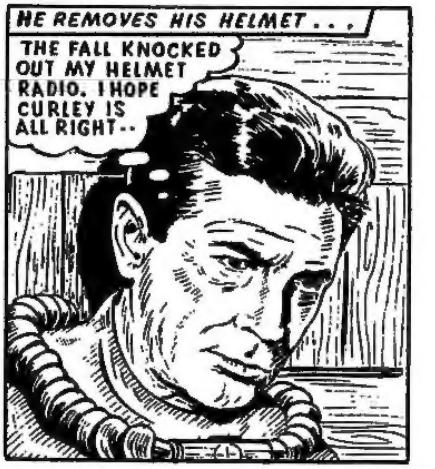
Unfortunately, the Riddler escaped through a window but, as Batman said, his gadget would be a useful addition to the Batcave's arsenal.

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

THE SEAVIEW'S GHOST

HARRIMAN NELSON, brilliant sailor-scientist, skippers a tough crew of specialists aboard the world's first non-military nuclear sub. Plunging deep to the bottom of the sea, the crew explore the sea-bed as it has never been done before. Sea monsters are encountered and lost cities and sunken vessels of bygone days are discovered . . .

ADMIRAL NELSON IS HAVING A BREAK FROM ROUTINE, EXPLORING THE SEABED WITH BOSUN'S MATE, CURLEY JONES . . .
HERE'S A WRECK, CURLEY! IT'S SOMETHING FROM THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. LET'S TAKE A LOOK INSIDE IT..



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ADMIRAL NELSON EXPLORES THE CABIN...
HELLO! IT'S THE SHIP'S LOG... SEAVIEW... THE SAME NAME AS OUR OWN TINFISH... ANOTHER AMAZING COINCIDENCE!
SEAVIEW LOG BOOK
SUDDENLY...
WHA..? I'M CHOKING... CAN'T BREATHE... MUST REACH MY HELMET...
MEANWHILE CURLEY HAS RETURNED WITH COMMANDER LEE CRANE AND A RESCUE PARTY...
IT'S THREE HOURS! THE ADMIRAL'S AIR MUST BE GONE!
KEEP GOING.. WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT!
INSIDE THE WRECK, NELSON IS LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS RAPIDLY...
I'M N-NOT GOING TO.. MAKE IT...
WHEN...
WAKE UP, HARRIMAN! THIS IS MY TOMB! WAKE UP!
I AM HENRY NIELSON, SKIPPER OF THE FIRST SEAVIEW. YOUR COMRADES ARE OUTSIDE READY TO RESCUE YOU.. BUT YOU MUST PUT YOUR HELMET ON, HURRY!
COMMANDER CRANE INSERTS THE PIECE OF PIPE FROM HIS RESCUE EQUIPMENT THROUGH THE ROTTING PLANKING...
THEN...
ADMIRAL, SIR, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
WE'RE GOING TO BREAK IN FOR RESCUE. TAP ON THE TUBE IF YOU HEAR ME!
MINUTES LATER CRANE BREAKS THROUGH THE PLANKS AND NELSON SHOOTS THROUGH THE HOLE CLUTCHING THE SEAVIEW'S LOG...
THE BIZARRE PROCESSION LEAVES THE SHATTERED HULK OF THE OLD SHIP AND RETURNS TO THE SUBMARINE...
LATER, IN THE SICK BAY...
... WAS IT JUST MY IMAGINATION, LEE, OR DID THE GHOST OF THE OLD SEAVIEW SKIPPER ACTUALLY COME TO MY AID?
I'M AFRAID, ADMIRAL, THAT'S SOMETHING WE'LL NEVER KNOW..
SEAVIEW LOG BOOK

The PHANTOM

THE GHOST... WHO WALKS!

THE PHANTOM TREASURE PART I.

THE ROGUES GATHER

ON THE JUNGLE'S EDGE--NEW CITIES AND NATIONS ARE GROWING--

IN DEEP JUNGLE, ONE THING REMAINS UNCHANGED--

HIDDEN TREASURES HAVE ALWAYS INTRIGUED MEN--SUNKEN GOLD OF THE SPANISH MAIN-

THE LOST MINES OF KING SOLOMON--

--AND THE ENDLESS SEARCH FOR BURIED PIRATE TREASURE--

BUT THE MOST FABULOUS--MOST WHISPERED-ABOUT--IS THE TREASURE IN THE PHANTOM'S SKULL CAVE--

ONCE, THEY SAY, A KING VISITED THE DEEP WOODS--

SINCE CHILDHOOD, I'VE HEARD OF YOUR TREASURE CAVE. MAY I--SEE IT?

YOU MAY.

UNBELIEVABLE--IMPOSSIBLE!

THEY SAY HE WAS DAZED AND STUNNED BY WHAT HE SAW--

WHAT IS THE PHANTOM'S TREASURE?

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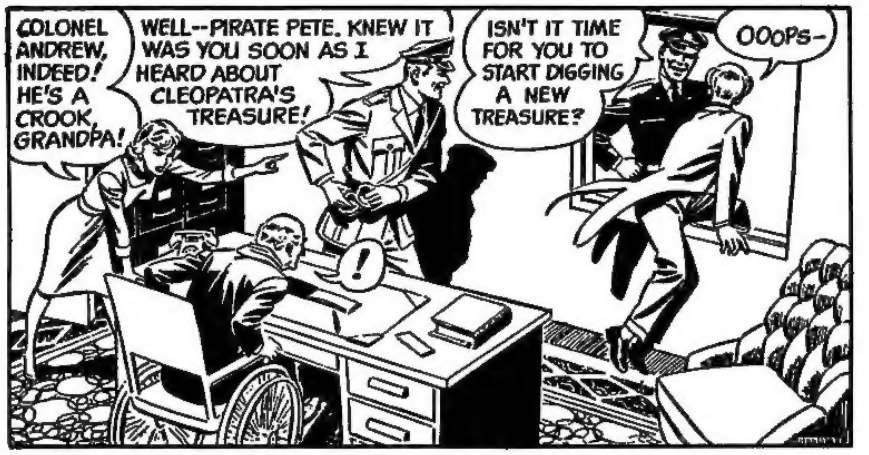
AW, CAPPY-- DON'T GO YET.
GOT TO, BABY. BIG BUSINESS DEAL.
NO CREDIT

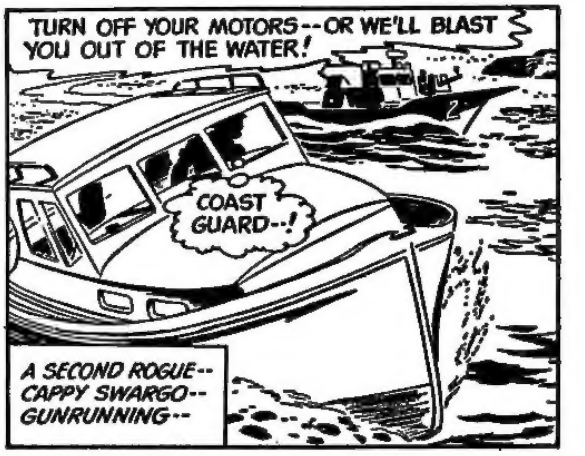
MY RENT TONIGHT-- OR OUT YOU GO!
NEVER FEAR, DEAR LADY. I'M ABOUT TO CONSUMMATE AN ENORMOUS TRANSACTION--

FIFTY CENTS TO MY NAME. WITH LUCK, BY NIGHTFALL-- FIFTY GRAND!

A ROGUE AT WORK--
CLEOPATRA'S TREASURE-- THERE?
THE VERY SPOT-- IN THE SAHARA SANDS-- BURIED TWO HOURS BEFORE SHE SLEW HERSELF WITH THE ASP!

FIFTY THOUSAND, YOU SAY, COLONEL ANDREW?
ENOUGH TO START A SAFARI-- AND CHEAP AT THE PRICE.
HMM-- GRANDPA--


COLONEL ANDREW, INDEED! HE'S A CROOK, GRANDPA!
WELL--PIRATE PETE. KNEW IT WAS YOU SOON AS I HEARD ABOUT CLEOPATRA'S TREASURE!
ISN'T IT TIME FOR YOU TO START DIGGING A NEW TREASURE?
OOOPS-


TURN OFF YOUR MOTORS--OR WE'LL BLAST YOU OUT OF THE WATER!
COAST GUARD--!
A SECOND ROGUE-- CAPPY SWARGO-- GUNRUNNING--

YOU GUYS CAN'T KEEP OUT OF HERE.
WHAT'S IT THIS TIME, CAPPY?
THE USUAL-- GUNS-- HOW ABOUT YOU, PETE?

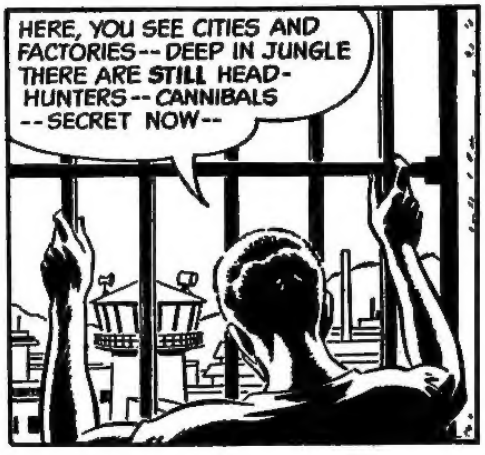
CLEOPATRA'S TREASURE-- ALMOST HAD THE OLD SKINFLINT FOR FIFTY GRAND--
YOU BETTER FIND A NEW ONE TO SELL. THAT ONE'S HAD IT!

FIND REAL TREASURE-- PHANTOM TREASURE-- IN SKULL CAVE!
?
?

AT THE ANCIENT JUNGLE'S EDGE-- A NEW-TYPE PENITENTIARY--
I'M GOING BACK TO SOLOMON'S MINES-- THAT WAS ALWAYS GOOD FOR A CON--
NO MORE RUNNING GUNS-- BOOZE NEXT TIME--
--WITH OLD-TYPE SCOUNDRELS--

YOU WANT TREASURE--FIND PHANTOM TREASURE.-

PHANTOM TREASURE? NAW-- THAT DOESN'T SOUND REAL ENOUGH FOR A CON GAME--
THIS ONE IS REAL--
YEAH? WHERE IS IT?


HERE, YOU SEE CITIES AND FACTORIES-- DEEP IN JUNGLE THERE ARE STILL HEAD-HUNTERS-- CANNIBALS --SECRET NOW--

IN THE JUNGLE'S CENTER-- WHERE EVEN HEADHUNTERS FEAR TO GO--
--"LIVE THE BANDAR, THE PYGMY POISON PEOPLE. THIS IS THE DEEP WOODS--"

"HERE LIVES THE PHANTOM-- THE GHOST WHO WALKS-- AND HERE IS HIS SKULL CAVE AND ITS GREAT TREASURE--"

"FOR CENTURIES--MANY MEN-- PIRATES--BANDITS--TRIED TO REACH THE TREASURE. ALL FAILED--!"

YOU OUGHTA BE ABLE TO CON SOME SUCKERS WITH A THING LIKE THAT, PETE.
NAW-- WHO'D BELIEVE SUCH A YARN? IT'S GOTTA SOUND LOGICAL-- REAL!

THIS IS REAL! THE PHANTOM IS REAL! I SAW HIM WITH MY OWN EYES!
?
NEXT WEEK- JAILBREAK!

JESTER Moment

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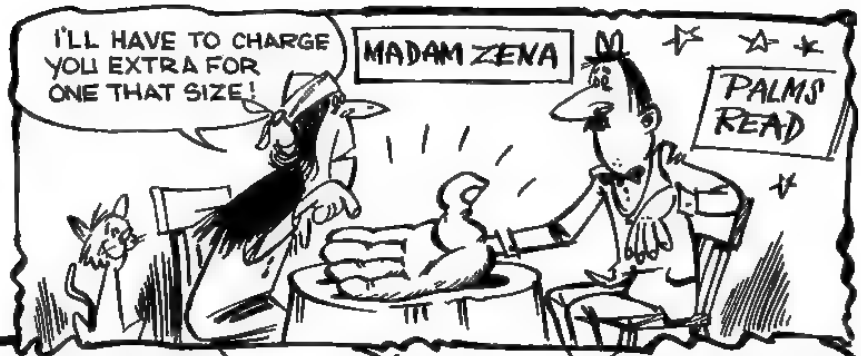

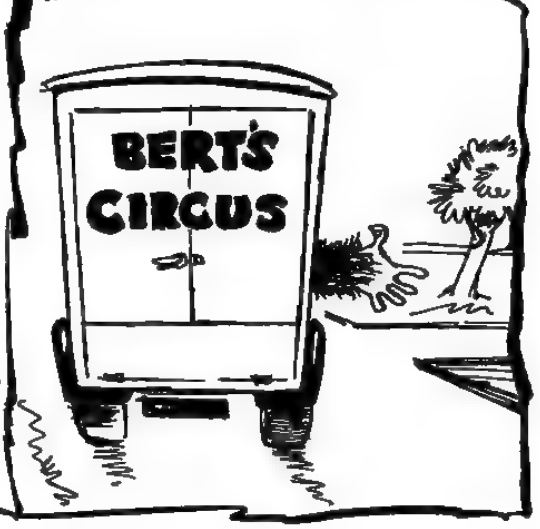

FLASH GORDON

THE VESUVIUS MYSTERY

PART I.. THE FIRE CREATURES

IT ALL STARTED ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT VESUVIUS WITH A LOCAL PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER AND HIS GUIDE ...

MEANWHILE...
THE TEMPERATURE IS 2,000 DEGREES ON THIS SIDE OF THE SHEET OF "IMPERVIUM", FLASH WATCH THAT METER!
THE NEEDLE HASN'T BUDGED, ZARKOV!

THE BACK SIDE OF THAT MATERIAL IS AS COOL AS WHEN WE STARTED! IT'S REALLY PERFECTLY HEATPROOF! CONGRATULATIONS, DOC!
I'D LIKE A FIELD TEST..

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DALE, FLASH AND ZARKOV FLY HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH TOWARD NAPLES, ITALY...
THE ITALIAN AUTHORITIES HAVE GIVEN THEIR OKAY! THEY'RE READY ON THEIR END...
...AND WE'VE GIVEN OUR IMPERVIUM SUITS EVERY TEST WE CAN -- EXCEPT THE REAL ONE!
--THE CRATER OF MOUNT VESUVIUS!
TURN THIS WAY, MISS ARDEN -- THANK YOU!
HOW FAR DOWN INTO VESUVIUS DO YOU INTEND TO GO, DR. ZARKOV?
IT DEPENDS ON WHAT THESE SUITS WILL TAKE!
WE HOPE TO GET ALMOST TO THE LEVEL OF THE BOILING LAVA! I THINK ZARKOV'S IMPERVIUM SUITS CAN DO THE JOB!
WE ALL EXPECT YOU TO FIND SOME OF THE "FIRE CREATURES" DOWN THERE, FLASH!
IF WE KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT, PERHAPS WE MIGHT NOT GO DOWN THERE!
ARE YOU A LITTLE SCARED, DALE?
OF COURSE, DARLING! BUT I CAN'T WAIT TO START!
THE LAVA'S BOILING BELOW ...BUT I'M STILL PERFECTLY COOL!
YES, THE SUITS ARE WORKING! BUT WATCH YOUR STEP! THE ROCK CRUMBLES! IT'S TOO SOFT!
FLASH!
NEXT WEEK! "INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH."

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

First, an attack from the sky—then THRUSH agents seeking missile secrets trap Napoleon and Illya in a menacing maze!

The GASSER AFFAIR

IT was nearing nine o'clock on a morning of blue skies and golden sunshine and Napoleon Solo was driving south on the State Thruway. At his side Illya Kuryakin was humming the refrain of *Gone Fishin'*, which was appropriate because the intrepid agents were returning to New York after a weekend's angling.

Having finished his jazz-slanted humming, Illya grinned and remarked, "Up a lazy river is great, but I guess I'm just about ready for action again . . ."

Napoleon took a sweeping right-hand bend and, coming out on a long straight section, sent the speedo needle soaring into the high sixties. "Yes, things have been kind of quiet lately and . . ."

He broke off, staring ahead at a heavy tanker in the same lane. On the back of the vehicle was a red-painted legend: *Eastern Seaboard Gasolene Supplies Inc., New York City.*

"What's wrong, dad?" asked Illya amiably.

"A Manhattan company operating a tanker with Chicago registration plates," murmured Napoleon. "Odd, I think. Let's see if we can snatch a look at the driver as we go past."

He gunned the motor and they streaked down the outside lane. There were two men in the tanker's driving cabin . . . very small men with inscrutable, strangely expressionless faces.

"They look like a couple of zombies!" chuckled Illya.

"Yes," said Solo briefly. He glanced in the driving mirror. The big tanker seemed to have stopped. He shrugged and drove on. In a few more minutes they were within sight of the bridge spanning the river to Manhattan island and Solo was shifting gears when he heard the loud drone immediately above them.

"A helicopter!" shouted Illya. "And coming in dangerously low . . ."

Solo made no answer. The intuitive sixth-sense which had been tested in a hundred perilous missions did not fail him now. He swung the powerful auto straight off the roadway, careering sideways across a vacant lot.

Illya's astonished exclamation was lost in a new sound—a high, keening sound followed immediately by a shattering blast as a slim bomb screamed into the roadway they had left only in the nick of time.

The shock wave slammed into the car, but Solo's split-second manoeuvre had saved them from harm. Scrambling out, Napoleon focused powerful binoculars but by now the helicopter was a vanishing black dot in the blue sky.

Kuryakin plunged agitated fingers through his short, fair hair. "Great, booming blast-offs!" he yipped. "The 'copter tried to *bomb* us!"

"Yes—I saw it coming!"

"But how on earth could they know where we were?"

BIGGER FISH

"THAT'S the interesting part," answered Napoleon enigmatically. He backed-up on to the roadway and drove in silence to the headquarters of the United Network Command for Law and Enforcement.

Mr Alexander Waverly was already in his sumptuous sanctum. The tweed-clad head-

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man of the mighty UNCLE setup looked as quizzically vague as ever, but both Solo and Kuryakin knew that it was a facade masking a razor-honed brain.

"Your pleasant weekend's fishing will have put you in splendid form for catching somewhat bigger fish," he began. "I take it you have heard of Carruthers, the British scientist?"

"Charles Dennistoun Carruthers, baronet, aged 50," said Solo promptly. "Scientist, physicist, inventor and aircraft designer. Seconded from the Ministry of Civil Aviation to military work of top secret priority. Occupies a six-room apartment near Admiralty House in London. Hobbies—golf and car racing."

Mr Waverly gave a small dry chuckle. "You wouldn't happen to know the name of his tailor as well, I suppose?" he asked.

"Coningsby's of Savile Row, sir," answered Solo.

SECRET MISSILE

ANOTHER chuckle came from the UNCLE chief. Then he went on rapidly: "Right! Sir Charles planes into New York from London within the next hour. At noon he will attend a meeting of Anglo-American military chiefs in a closely-guarded suite at the Concord Hotel on Fifty-second Street. He will present the fullest data on a new and immensely powerful ground-to-air intercontinental ballistic missile which will place the Western defence line-up far ahead of all challengers. It is his own invention—and, for security reasons, he has not yet committed it to paper . . ."

"And THRUSH are out to get it," finished Solo.

The head-man of UNCLE leaned across his executive desk. "We have every reason to believe that such a bid is imminent," he said. "We have intercepted a series of ultra-short-wave radio signals which, on being broken down by our expert code smashers, point beyond all doubt to a THRUSH coup."

Solo sat for a long moment as if sunk in thought. When he looked up he said: "A funny thing happened to us on the way to UNCLE!"

FAKE COMPANY

MR WAVERLY stared. Crisply, Solo explained, and his chief's mild features hardened. "A THRUSH attempt to make intervention by you and Kuryakin impossible!" he rapped.

Napoleon nodded. "It's my guess our location was radioed to the 'copter by the tanker crew, sir." He picked up a telephone book, rifled through it, then said harshly: "There's no such company listed, sir. The name is a fake, and the Chicago registration plates will be no less phoney."

Illya, who had been quiet for the last few minites, said: "If the suite at the Concord is under heavy guard, how can even THRUSH agents hope to get in, sir?"

Mr Waverly called up a bland smile. "That will be for Solo and yourself to discover—and prevent!" he said, turning to answer one of his telephones.

"CRAZY JAZZ"

WHEN he replaced the receiver he said: "A change of venue—the meeting is now switched to 1 p.m. at the Long Island home of Colonel Omar Ralston, of the USAAF. You'd better take the hydrofoil."

"Dad, this is the craziest jazz," grunted Illya as they went down the corridor. "Tankers that send radio messages, 'copters dropping bombs and heavily guarded meeting-places vulnerable to THRUSH agents . . . I don't dig it."

Napoleon grinned. "No doubt all will be made clear to us in good time," he said. "Just at this moment I have something to do, the exact nature of which I will also confide in good time."

"I'll count the moments," replied Illya with courteous sarcasm.

His celebrated partner was missing for some considerable time. Finally, he reappeared with a jovial beam and a buoyant step. He led the way down a wide corridor, activated a recessed electronic switch, and guard panels slid aside to reveal a top secret harbour with the hydrofoil berthed at one side. Automatic remote control opened a door in the wall and in the next instant the hydrofoil was speeding across the deep waters of the East River with Solo, his dark hair lifted by the breeze, at the wheel.

Soon they were rounding the southern tip of Brooklyn and making for the long tongue of land at Far Rockaway. Colonel Ralston's home was a white-painted colonial mansion with well-tended lawns which dipped and flowed to the very edge of the Rockaway shoreline.

With expert ease, Solo brought the hydrofoil alongside the private pier. A powerfully-built man wearing a navy blue suit and a face like a sad spaniel approached. "Security," he said laconically. "I take it you're Mr Solo and Mr Kuryakin?"

Napoleon nodded. He produced their credentials and the Security man led the way up a sloping gravelled path which cut the lawns in two. At the head of the path was a picket gate. He opened it and said: "Straight ahead and you will come to the main entrance of the house. Colonel Ralston is awaiting you."

"Have the Allied military chiefs arrived?" asked Solo.

The man nodded.

SECRET SPOT

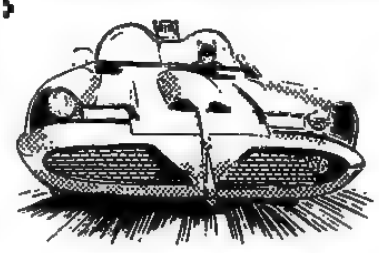
CODES have been used for thousands of years. Julius Caesar had one for writing to his generals and present-day spies code their messages. Can you decipher these code words?

WY WRUQDGR

The answer is on page 21.

MODEL WORLD

POW! The Corgi Batmobile has "flame jet" flashing from its exhaust, retractable cable-cutter and triple rocket-firing barrels. ZOWIE! Besides Batman and Robin in the cockpit, there's an embossed Caped Crusader under the chassis. Length is just under five inches, the price 12s. 11d.—and that includes a Batmobile owner badge. WHAM!



Corgi also produces The Man From UNCLE Thrush-Buster at 8s. 11d. The Saint's Volvo at 4s. 7d. and The Avengers' Bentley and Lotus at 16s. 9d. the pair.

"Oh, yes, sir—you'll find everything in readiness. And now, if you will excuse me . . ." He withdrew and the UNCLE agents started up another pathway flanked by tall hedges.

After a few minutes Illya said uneasily: "There's something wrong about this place." A grin lived briefly on Solo's handsome features, a grin without humour. "We're in a maze," he said. "I mean *literally* in a maze."

They were between 10 ft. hedges with a criss-cross of intersecting paths. "I wasn't idling around before we left," he said evenly. "I checked on all our Security guards and possible new ones—and the guy who met us at the pier isn't one of them."

"A THRUSH agent!" The words sprang from Illya. Napoleon nodded.

"But if you knew that why didn't we overpower him?" demanded his friend.

"What — and raise the alarm?" replied Solo urbanely. "My dear Illya, I *want* THRUSH to think we've been duped. That way we have a good chance of foiling their plan!"

"I'd have thought there was a bigger chance of us getting hopelessly lost in this maze while the plan goes through without interference," grunted Illya.

"That," rejoined Solo cheerfully, "is undoubtedly the intention. But before we left I called Colonel Ralston on the phone—and found that he was under the impression that the new meeting-place was suggested by UNCLE!"

"What!"

"Yeah, the colonel got a phone message purporting to come from UNCLE headquarters. Obviously, it was a THRUSH trick. Then *they* told Mr Waverly that the venue had been switched!"

GAS TRAP

"SWIFT work on your part," said Illya. "But there's still one top priority problem . . . how the heck do we get out of this maze?"

Solo took a small compass from his pocket and studied it. "This ought to help, I guess," he answered. "The house is due north from where we're standing."

They moved rapidly between the tall greenery of the hedges, Solo charting their course with meticulous accuracy. Then, suddenly, he stopped. "What's wrong?" asked Illya.

"It's too easy, Illya . . . THRUSH never leave anything to chance." He rounded a sharp bend and halted. He stood utterly still except for the faintest twitching of his nostils. Then, his face hard and tight, he rapped: "Back, Illya, and fast! They're pumping gas through the maze!"

They started back down the path, but at every intersection Solo had to pause to check their direction with the compass. And the sickly-sweet smell of the gas was rolling inexorably after them. "If we don't make it soon we're done for!" said Illya grimly.

Solo made no answer. There was no time now for words, scarcely any for reading the compass, but he knew that he must make one final check. It occupied only seconds, but with the gas surging ever closer the seconds seemed like eternity.

Solo speared a finger directly ahead. "Hold your breath, Illya—and race for it!" he yelled. They plunged forward and the picket gate loomed ahead of them. They both crashed bodily into it and the gate burst wide open.

TABLES TURNED

IN the same instant the powerfully-built THRUSH thug, his face masked now, swung a long-barrelled gun in a wide arc. But as his finger crawled on the trigger which would spray sickening gas straight at them, Napoleon and Illya acted.

Simultaneously, they dived low. Their staggering dual impact, taking the THRUSH man at knee level, sent him flailing backwards while the gas spray-gun went high into the air untriggered.

Three minutes later the THRUSH agent was trussed and gagged in the hydrofoil.

Illya eyed his friend thoughtfully. "That tanker—it must've been carrying gas, not gasolene," he said. "The whole setup is a fix. The real Security guards have been decoyed and replaced by THRUSH agents. They plan to tape-record Sir Charles's verbal description of the Super-IBM, then fill the room full of gas and beat it with the vital data."

"I couldn't have put it better myself," cried Solo.

"Well, what are we going to do?"

Solo allowed his eyebrows to lift fractionally. "Why, *stop* it!" he murmured.

They made a detour to the back of the house, picked the lock and entered the kitchen where Solo made a rapid adjustment to a canister-like mechanism. Then they crashed into the room where Sir Charles was finishing his speech.

SPY SPOT

SPIES have used ingenious weapons to kill. One was a poison needle which poked from a briefcase at the touch of a button in the handle.

Solo said, "Your conference room has been bugged!" As he spoke he yanked the side door open.

Four "Security" men grouped round a small table jumped to their feet. Two of them were unusually small men and Solo had no doubt that they were the crew of the fake tanker . . . this time without their zombie-like masks. On the table was a neat, compact tape recorder wired to a probe microphone in the wall.

A mad laugh erupted from one of the THRUSH gang. "Solo and Kuryakin!" he grated. "So you beat the gas-trap—but you won't escape a second time . . ."

His hand closed on a small oval object connected to a long flex trailing out of the room.

There was the merest click as he thumbed down the solenoid switch. For a split second nothing happened. Then, as Solo stood there impassively with a faint grin on his lean mouth, gas erupted into the room—straight into the gaping, incredulous faces of the THRUSH emissaries!

"I reversed the discharging mechanism on the way through the kitchen," said Napoleon.

Sir Charles Dennistoun Carruthers held out a lean sinewy hand. "I think," he said gravely, "that both my Government and yours owe you an immense debt . . ." He broke off as the telephone rang.

Alexander Waverly was on the line. "How are things, Solo?" he inquired.

The man from UNCLE gave a small chuckle. "In the jazz language to which my friend, Illya, is addicted—*it's a gasser!*" he said.

BONANZA * BUSHWHACKED!

THE Cartwright family is tough. It has to be to run and protect a vast spread like the Ponderosa. But Ben, Hoss and Little Joe are always ready to lend a helping hand to anybody—even a stranger—that is if he isn't mean and doesn't come riding in with a chip on his shoulder and an itchy finger on the trigger . . .

THE SUN WAS LOW IN THE SKY AS THE CARTWRIGHT FAMILY—BEN, HOSS AND LITTLE JOE—NEARED THE STREAM WHERE THEY COULD REST AND WATER THEIR HORSES. THEY WERE TIRED MEN, FOR THE VAST ACREAGE OF THE PONDEROSA SPREAD WAS NO MEAN DISTANCE TO COVER IN A DAY. THEN IT HAPPENED . . .

THE FIRST SHOT STARTLED THEM. THE SECOND SENT THEM TUMBLING FROM THEIR HORSES AND SCRAMBLING FOR COVER . . .

HIT THE DIRT, BOYS! BUSHWHACKERS!

THE BUSHWHACKER LOOSED OFF A FLURRY OF SHOTS THAT SANG OFF THE ROCKS ABOVE THEIR HEADS . .

SOMEBODY UP THERE AIN'T A MITE BIT FRIENDLY, PA! CAN'T SEE ANYONE . .

WELL, WE CAN'T STAY HERE FOR EVER. WE'D BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING — AND QUICK! THIS PLACE ISN'T TOO COMFORTABLE!

LITTLE JOE TURNED TO HIS FATHER . . .

YOU STAY HERE, PA. HOSS AND ME, WE'LL GO ONE EITHER SIDE OF THE BLUFF. YOU COVER US— AND MAKE IT GOOD!

OKAY BY ME, LITTLE BROTHER, BUT DON'T BE TOO MUCH OF AN EAGER BEAVER

THEY WAITED FOR THE HIDDEN GUNMAN TO RELOAD, THEN THE TWO MEN DASHED ACROSS THE OPEN GROUND . .

NOW, PA! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

THEY WERE HALFWAY TOWARDS THE BLUFF WHEN GUNFIRE SPAT FROM THE ROCKS AGAIN, KICKING UP DIRT BEHIND THEIR FLYING FEET . . .

UGH! MADE IT! ALMOST THOUGHT I WOULDN'T!

LITTLE JOE WAS THE FIRST TO SPOT THE MAN IN THE ROCKS. HIS SIX-GUN SPOKE SHARPLY . .

EVEN AS THE MAN FELL FROM HIS HIGH PERCH, A SECOND GUNMAN CAME INTO VIEW ABOVE HIM . . .

LOOK OUT, BOYS! THERE'S ANOTHER OF 'EM!

BEN CARTWRIGHT THUMBED THE HAMMER OF HIS GUN. LITTLE JOE SAW THE MAN DUCK AND RACED DESPERATELY UP THE HILL TOWARDS HIM . . .

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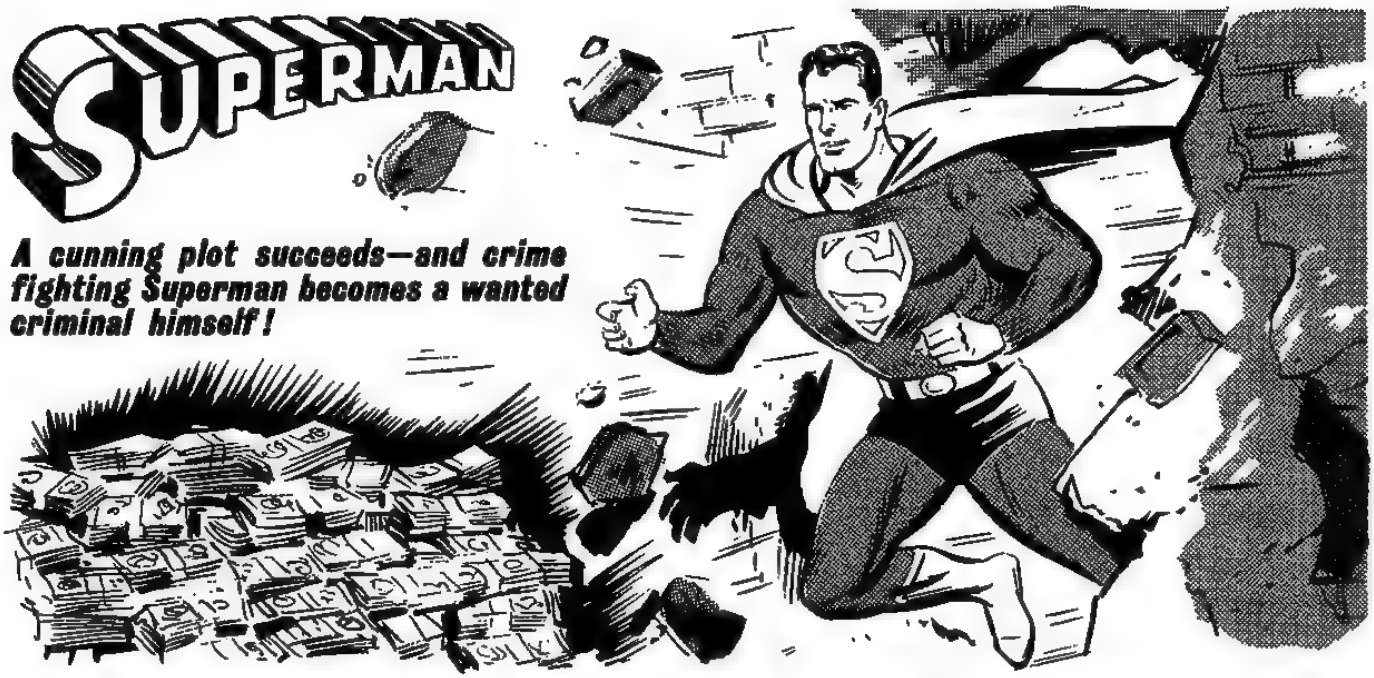
HE WAS HALFWAY TOWARDS THE MAN WHEN HIS FATHER'S GUN STOPPED FIRING. IT WAS THEN THAT THE BULLET CAUGHT HIM . . .
GOLDARN IT! HE'S WINGED ME! I'D BETTER GET MY HEAD DOWN!
YOU ALL RIGHT, LITTLE JOE?
CREASED MY ARM, HOSS. BUT I'M OKAY. DO YOU SEE HIM?
THERE WAS ANGER IN HOSS'S VOICE WHEN HE ANSWERED.
YEAH. I SEE THE SKUNK, LITTLE BROTHER. COVER ME. I'M GOING TO MAKE MY PLAY . . .
FOR ALL HIS HUGE BULK, HOSS MOVED UP THE SLOPE LIKE A COUGAR. HIS BULLETS SEARCHING FOR THE GUNMAN HE KNEW WAS LURKING ABOVE HIM . . .
THE MAN BROKE COVER AND DASHED FOR THE CREST OF THE HILL. HOSS WAS TOO QUICK FOR HIM AND CUT HIM DOWN IN MID-FLIGHT . . .
UGH!
OKAY, PA! LITTLE JOE! YOU CAN COME UP NOW— BUT EASY LIKE!
THE THREE MEN MOVED CAUTIOUSLY, AS THEY BREASTED THE BROW OF THE HILL A HORSE WHINNIED . . .
ONE OF THE MEN WENT FOR HIS GUN BUT HOSS MOVED LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING!
AS THE MAN STUMBLED BACKWARDS A STUNNING LEFT CHOPPED HIM TO THE GROUND . . .
STICKS OF DYNAMITE! NOW WHAT WOULD YOU FELLAS BE DOING WITH THIS UP HERE?
WE WERE GOING TO USE IT TO BLAST THROUGH THE ROCKS AND DIVERT THE STREAM — SEND IT DOWN THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL . . .
THE MAN TURNED TO BEN CARTWRIGHT . . .
I'VE JUST BOUGHT THE LAND DOWN THERE. MY WATER'S DRIED UP. I'VE GOT SIX HUNDRED HEAD OF CATTLE THAT SAY I'VE GOTTA HAVE WATER—OR I'M FINISHED! IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT!
BUT WHY COME SHOOTING FOR IT? THIS IS PONDEROSA COUNTRY. WE OWN IT AND WE DON'T LIKE BEING SHOT AT ON IT! WE TRY TO ACT CIVILISED!
SO YOU'RE BEN CARTWRIGHT. I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU. YOU'RE A BIG MAN IN THESE PARTS. I FIGURED YOU WOULDN'T HAVE MUCH TIME FOR MY PROBLEMS!
THEN YOU FIGURED WRONG, FRIEND. I'VE GOT ENOUGH WATER ON THIS SPREAD TO FEED HALF THE STATE. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME BEFORE YOU CAME IN SHOOTING. LIKE I SAID, WE TRY TO ACT CIVILISED!
BEN HOLSTERED HIS OWN GUN AND GAVE THE MAN BACK HIS SIDE-IRON . . .
WE LIKE TO KEEP THINGS PEACEFUL AROUND HERE. YOU CAN HAVE THE STREAM —YOU'VE ALREADY PAID FOR IT IN BLOOD. LET'S HOPE WE CAN LIVE AS NEIGHBOURS FROM NOW ON!
BEN CARTWRIGHT TOOK THE MAN'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND . . .
GUESS I'VE BEEN KINDA STUPID RIGHT ENOUGH. YES—WITHOUT A DOUBT, YOU'RE A BIG MAN, CARTWRIGHT— IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

SUPERMAN

A cunning plot succeeds—and crime fighting Superman becomes a wanted criminal himself!



SUPERMAN the CRIMINAL

THE police captain snapped, "Now!" and light flooded the strong-room of the Metropolis Central bank as waiting officers switched on mobile floodlights.

Superman gasped. Caught off-guard, he stood blinking at the lights. His arms were piled high with banknotes.

The captain strode towards the tall figure in blue shirt and tights, and famous red cape with its triangular "S" emblem. There was a ring of metal as handcuffs snapped around the wrists of steel.

"I'm taking you to headquarters, Superman!" said the police captain. "It is my duty to warn you that anything you say . . ."

"All right, captain, I understand," interrupted Superman. He set down the banknotes he was carrying. "I know this seems incriminating, but I can explain," he added.

"Explain! There's no need to explain. You've turned criminal!" It was the president of the bank. He took a step towards Superman, shaking his fists. His podgy red cheeks quivered.

"You bored your way bodily under my bank, and with your super strength you lifted that enormous slab to get into this strong-room. You have been coming here for months, taking huge sums and replacing them with forged notes . . . You—you scoundrel!"

Superman frowned. He glanced down at the handcuffs on his wrists. The police grew tense. They gripped their guns tighter. Every one knew well that the Man of Steel could snap the links with ease, if he chose.

MOUNTAIN CACHE

Instead, he glanced up and nodded. The granite jaw seemed to jut further as he said quietly: "I'm sorry you think me a scoundrel, sir, but you are right to feel angry. It is true that someone has been entering the bank and replacing genuine notes with false ones. But it wasn't me!"

"Then who was it?" rasped the police captain.

Superman shrugged. "I don't know—yet," he replied. "I found his cache of forged notes, though. It is in a concrete blockhouse hidden in the mountains. And in it was his latest haul from your strong-room. That is why I'm here — I was returning the genuine notes before I continued my search for the real criminals."

The bank president made an impatient gesture of disbelief. The captain tipped back his hat.

"This—er—blockhouse," he growled. "You can take us there, Superman?"

"Of course, captain."

"Then let's go," said the other.

With sirens blaring, the police cars knifed through the city traffic and headed into the mountains. After a while Superman, who was riding in the leading car with the captain, said: "You'll have to leave the cars here. The blockhouse is in a valley. You can only reach it by a goat track."

They got out of the cars. "Follow me," said Superman, striding away. The police escort hurried after him, and a dozen guns were trained upon the caped figure as he leaped sure-footed over the rocks.

The captain panted along behind Superman. Edging gingerly round a narrow ledge, he saw the Man of Steel standing stock-still in a ravine.

"Well? What have we stopped for?" grunted the captain, mopping his brow and staring around.

Superman took a slow breath. "This was the place, captain," he said. "The blockhouse was right here. I broke into it and took the money. But now the blockhouse has gone!"

There was a thirty-second silence, ended by the clatter of heavy boots as the armed police arrived.

"Let's get this straight, Superman." The captain spoke deliberately. "You want me to believe that since you were here—a coupla hours, maybe—someone took down a concrete blockhouse full of forged notes—and whisked it into thin air?"

Superman squared his powerful shoulders. "That is exactly what has happened, captain," he said evenly.

The policeman's lips became a thin line. He turned aside and motioned with his head. "Let's go to headquarters. Superman."

There was a jangle of a broken chain as Superman snapped his handcuffs. He said with regret: "I'm sorry to do this, captain, but I am being framed. And I mean to find the culprits, and bring them to justice."

BOUNCING BULLETS

Two swift bounding steps, and Superman rose into the air. A volley of shots rang out stirring echoes in the mountains. The police were crack-shots, but they saw their bullets bounce harmlessly off the Man of Steel as he soared away towards Metropolis.

There the news of Superman's escape from arrest

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rocked even the hard-boiled news staff of *The Planet*. Pretty Lois Lane, one of the newspaper's ace girl reporters, looked aghast as cub reporter Jimmy Olsen told her the details.

"They know how many powerful enemies he's got," she said. "Can't the police see it must be a frame-up, Jimmy?"

Jimmy's freckled face wore a glum expression. He fingered the signal watch on his wrist given to him by Superman in case he ever wanted urgent help. "Gee, Lois! It seems crazy. Fancy the police hunting for Superman."

He glanced towards the radio room. Through the glass panel he could see reporter Clark Kent, tall, dark-haired and bespectacled, listening to the police radio calls with a grim face. "The news has shaken up Clark Kent, too," he mused.

"Hm . . . Just his luck to be assigned to the story. I'm still working on this story of the Jezebel Diamonds," grumbled Lois.

"The Jezebel Diamonds!" echoed Jimmy, "Don't tell me they're in Metropolis! They're worth two million dollars, aren't they?"

POLICE ALERT

Louis nodded. "More than that, Jimmy. They're going on display at the Grandiose Gallery insured for three million . . . as if any crook would be fool enough to try and steal them!" She pecked irritably at her typewriter, then frowned in the direction of the radio room.

"What's Clark doing with his ear stuck to the police radio anyway?" she asked.

Jimmy shrugged. "I guess perhaps he thinks that if Superman is really bent, he'll try and pull another raid soon," he suggested.

"Look out for someone dressed as a policeman!"

But Jimmy was wrong. He little knew that the mild-mannered reporter bending over the police radio was also Superman, and that the Man of Steel was waiting for his enemy to make another move to blacken his name . . .

He did not wait long.

"Stand by all cars. All cars!" rapped the police announcer. "Proceed in the direction of the Memonic Art Galleries on West Fiftieth Street . . . Operation Roadblock . . . Look for suspect in Superman rig-out . . . This man has shot a guard at the Art Gallery, and stolen several valuables . . ."

SURGING MASSES

The door of the radio room burst open, and Clark Kent sprinted to his desk, grabbing his hat and coat. Lois leapt to her feet: "Hey, Clark! What's happening? Where are you going?" she demanded.

He tossed her a few hurried details, and was gone. Outside the building he dived into a dark alley and in a few seconds had switched from mild-mannered reporter to Superman. With a flash of his crimson cape, he went rocketing into the air. As he sped to West Fiftieth Street, he saw below him the streets jammed with surging masses of people.

"Great galaxies! The whole of Metropolis must have swarmed into the city centre to hear more news about Superman the Criminal," he thought grimly.

He zoomed down towards the Memonic Art Galleries and landed on the pavement outside. A shout went up: "There he is! There's Superman!"

"Get him, men!" roared a police chief through a loud-hailer.

"Wait!" cried Superman. "I'm here to help!"

His voice was drowned by the rattle of gunfire. A dozen bullets pierced his flowing cape and bounced off his indestructible body. Several tear-gas shells burst at his feet. A dense cloud of choking fumes began to spread.

"This tear-gas could cause a panic when it blows into the crowd," thought Superman. "I'll use my super-breath to inhale the dangerous fumes."

As the tear-gas fog vanished into Superman's mighty chest, a murmur of wonder and fear arose from the watching masses. A woman screamed and fainted. A man began to push madly through the crowds behind him. "Let's get out of here!" he screamed. "Superman can kill us all!"

It was a cry that acted like a fuse to a firework. Panic exploded in the crowded street. The dense mass of people swayed dangerously back and forth.

"Stop!" yelled Superman. "I am your friend!" He was unheeded.

Superman bounded into the air. Speeding to a nearby beach the Man of Steel began to pulverise the sand with his super-strength. "Super-molten glass will help me to fashion a giant TV tube," he said to himself as he worked.

SUDDEN IDEA

With his fantastic breath that could equal the strength of a hurricane blast, Superman blew the molten glass into a giant, glistening oval. Then, when he was satisfied with his "television tube", he sped to a nearby steel stockyard. There he crushed and moulded great slabs of steel with his bare hands. When he had finished, a giant loud-hailer filled the length of the stockyard.

"That should give me a voice big enough to match my picture on the giant television screen," he said.

Soon, the entire city looked

up to see a colossal Superman on the 1,000 ft. TV screen he had constructed.

"Attention!" he boomed. "This is Superman! I do not wish to harm anyone; I only want to catch the ones who are blackening my name . . . Please go back home; there is no cause for panic."

His reassuring voice acted like oil on troubled waters. People stopped running and pushing. "He's right!" shouted a woman. "We ought to be ashamed of ourselves."

Meanwhile, Lois Lane was on the point of handing in her story about the Jezebel Diamonds, when a sudden idea made her leap to her feet. She grabbed Jimmy Olsen by the arm. "Quick, Jimmy! Give this story to the editor, and then come with me. I've got a hunch and we're going to check it out."

Five minutes later, as they

CRIME BUSTERS

No. 1: London's "Peelers"

WHEN Sir Robert Peel founded his "New Police" in 1829, there had been uncontrollable crime in parts of the country for over a century. The "Peelers" or "Bobbies" started in London with six divisions. The public disliked them at first and insulted them, set upon them and sometimes killed them.

IT had been intended to give the police uniforms of scarlet and gold but they would have looked military—and many of the public hated soldiers, with whom they had been clashing in riots. So the police were dressed in civilian frock coats and top hats (not discarded for helmets until the 1860's) and armed only with short wooden batons.

sped east across the city in Lois's car, Jimmy asked: "What's the idea, Lois? What's this hunch of yours?"

She glanced quickly at him. "Jimmy, you and I know Superman is no criminal, don't we?" she said.

"Well, sure, Lois, but—"

"Now listen," she interrupted. "Supposing this raid on the Memonic Galleries is a fake—just a red-herring. Whoever planned it knew Superman would show up and there would be a panic bringing all the police to the west side of the city. Right?"

Jimmy scratched his chin. "Sure, that's right!" he agreed. "What then?"

Lois pursed her lips impatiently as she guided her car to a standstill outside the Grandiose Gallery. "Don't you see, Jimmy?" she said. "With all the police tied-up on the west side, it would leave the field clear to snatch the Jezebel Diamonds. Come on!"

DIAMONDS GONE

She jumped from the car as Jimmy was still gasping with surprise. He scrambled after her. Together they ran up the steps and into the Gallery.

"Lois, you're right! Look at that!" shouted Jimmy as they burst into the ornate foyer. He pointed to where an armed guard lay crumpled on the ground.

Lois moved towards the main display room.

"Come back, Lois! It may be dangerous!" hissed Jimmy, but she motioned him to be silent. Cautiously she peered round the door into the room.

"No one here, Jimmy, but look—the diamonds are gone!" she exclaimed.

He followed her into the display room. Two more guards lay bound and gagged on the floor. In the centre of the room was the huge display console, lit by a dozen spotlights. But beneath the bullet-proof glass the ornate velvet showstands were empty.

"Wow! You were right, Lois," whispered Jimmy. "Let's go and call the police."

"Oh no, my young friend!"

Lois and Jimmy whirled as a high-pitched voice spoke behind them. The speaker, who had stepped from behind one of the fluted pillars of marble, was very tall, thin as a bowstring, with a twisted mouth.

"Milo Klaxon!" gasped Lois. "I might have known this was the work of the greatest jewel thief that Superman ever put behind bars."

Klaxon's face contorted with rage. "I'm not behind bars any longer, am I, dear lady?" he shrilled. "And I swore I would be revenged upon Superman, didn't I?"

Jimmy's eyes blazed. "So it was *you* who planted those forged notes in the blockhouse, and made sure Superman would find them," he exclaimed.

The jewel thief cackled. "I dreamed up the whole scheme while I rotted in jail," he said. "And now that I have turned Superman into a wanted criminal, I intend to see that he takes the blame for the disappearance of the Jezebel Diamonds."

He turned and gave a low whistle. Half a dozen tough-looking men stepped into view, armed to the teeth. "Take these two and put them in the back of the truck. Bind them and gag them. Then get in your own cars and head for the mountains by different routes."

Jimmy struggled in the grip of one of the thugs. "You won't escape from Superman, Klaxon!" he yelled.

"Oh yes I will," grated Klaxon. "My truck is lined with lead, the only thing that Superman's X-ray vision can't penetrate. Ha ha!"

It was dark and stuffy in the back of Klaxon's truck. Bound and gagged, Jimmy and Lois lay close together as the vehicle sped on its bone-shaking trip into the mountains.

Eventually Jimmy managed to bite through his gag. "Lois," he gasped. "I'm going to roll over on my side. Do you think you can reach my wrist-watch and press the button on the side?"

She grunted, and he twisted on to his side. Straining against her bonds, she managed to reach the "watch" and press the button. The supersonic signal from the watch might not, Jimmy knew, be picked up by Superman's super-hearing at this long range. But it was worth a try . . .

A streak of blue and red flashed across the sky above Metropolis. It was Superman heading for the mountain road.

The faint supersonic whistle, inaudible to human ears, grew louder. Superman glanced at the winding road climbing the hillside. A few cars and trucks were strung-out along it.

"I will go lower and use my X-ray vision to try and spot Jimmy," Superman decided. But though the supersonic signal was now loud in his ears, Superman could see nothing suspicious inside the vehicles.

He hovered over a truck. "Strange! I can't see anything inside this one." he mused. "That means it must be lined with lead. I had better take a closer look."

He dived down, landing on the road behind the toiling truck and broke open the locked door with one move of his mighty hand. "Lois! Jimmy!" he exclaimed. "Hang on while I put a stop to this truck."

SPINNING WHEELS

Jumping to the road again, he grabbed the truck with both hands and brought it to a dead stop, wheels spinning. Then, as the driver stopped the engine. Superman stepped towards the front of the truck. Klaxon came to meet him, his gun spraying bullets. Superman disarmed him . . .

A few moments later, Lois and Jimmy were pouring out their story to him. Superman smiled at them gratefully. "Without your feminine intuition, Lois, I would still be a hunted criminal," he said. "Come to think of it, I'm *still* a criminal in the eyes of the police. Let's go to headquarters and straighten out my record, shall we?"

WHO'S WHO in TV TORNADO

No. 1: SUPERMAN

Born, Planet Krypton. Sent to earth in rocket before Krypton exploded. Was adopted and named Clark Kent. Krypton had heavy gravity so Earth's lighter gravity made him Superman. SPECIAL WEAPONS: ray to project persons into phantom zone. Robots to take his place. SPECIAL POWERS: super strength, speed, sight and hearing. Invulnerable. Can fly—even through time barrier.

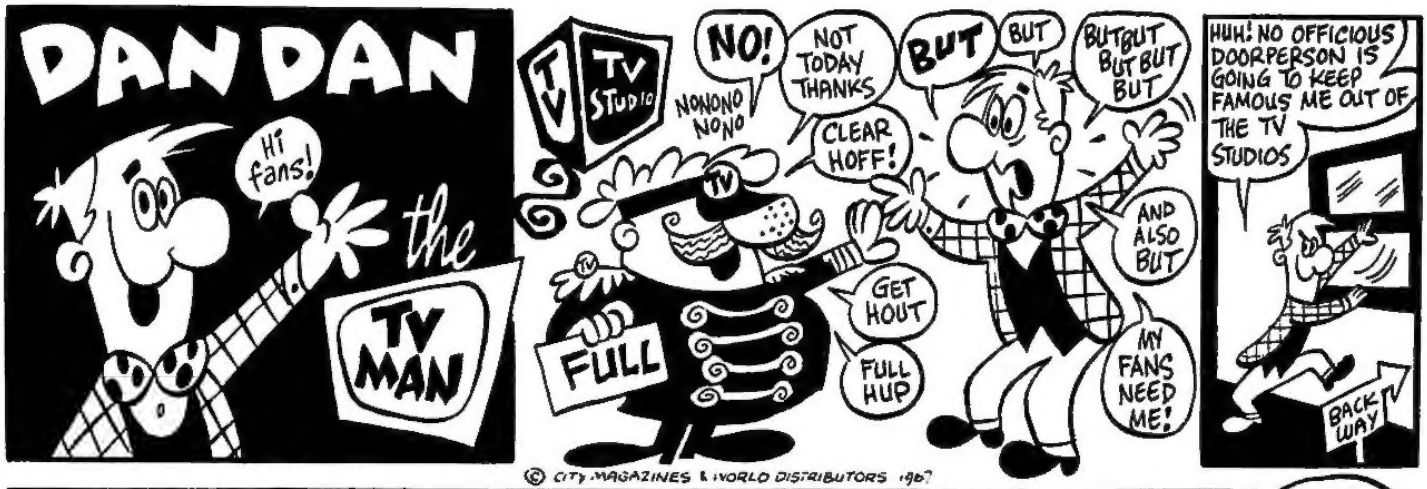
SECRET SPOT

ANSWER to the code puzzle on page 15:

TV TORNADO

Each letter was replaced by the third letter following in the alphabet.

There'll be another code to crack next week.


DAN DAN
Hi fans!
the TV MAN
TV STUDIO
NO!
NONONO NONO
NOT TODAY THANKS
CLEAR HOFF!
FULL
GET HOUT
FULL HUP
BUT
BUT
BUTBUT BUTBUT BUT
AND ALSO BUT
MY FANS NEED ME!
HUH! NO OFFICIOUS DOORPERSON IS GOING TO KEEP FAMOUS ME OUT OF THE TV STUDIOS
BACK WAY
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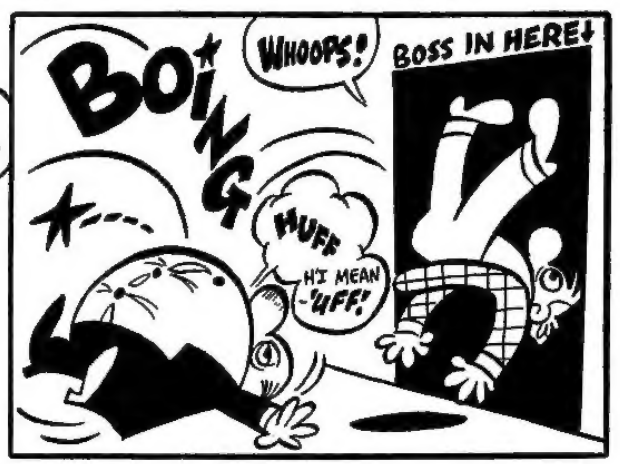
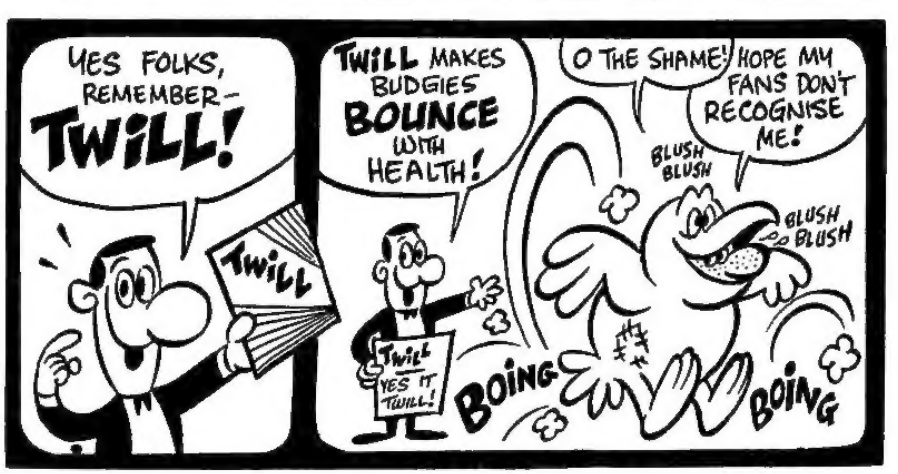
OUR NEXT SHOW IS A KILLER-DILLER OF A THRILLER-CHILLER, SO ALL YOU KIDDIEWINKIES, OFF TO BEDDIES—WITH YOUR PARENTS— WHILE YOU SIT TIGHT AND ENJOY..
DON'T FORGET YOUR T.V. CRIMES
THE ALFRED HOTCHPOTCH HOUR
POM POM POM POM PA POM
POM POM POM POM!
CHEEKY BLIGHTER! H'I'M THE H'ONLY ONE H'ALLOWED TO MAKE SURPRISE GUEST H'APPEAR-H'ANCES ON MY SHOW!
M'ALFRED 'OTCHPOTCH

BUNG OFF, BLOKE— YOU'RE NOT ME!
KICKED BY A SHADOW? IMPOSSIBLE!
OW!
OH I DON'T KNOW— YOU'VE HEARD OF SHADOW BOXING?
WHAP!
Denis Gifford.


BOING
WHOOPS!
BOSS IN HERE!
HUFF
H'I MEAN 'UFF!

BY JOVE! JUST THE SORT OF BOUNDER I WANT! SIGN THIS!
FAME AT LAST!
BOB
CON TRACT
OUCH
AND SO...


YES FOLKS, REMEMBER— TWILL!
TWILL
TWILL MAKES BUDGIES BOUNCE WITH HEALTH!
Twill YES IT 'TWILL!
O THE SHAME! I HOPE MY FANS DON'T RECOGNISE ME!
BLUSH BLUSH
BLUSH BLUSH
BOING
BOING

THE ADVENTURES OF . . .

TARZAN

TANTOR'S REVENGE

THE JUNGLE RIVER WAS A TURMOIL OF WHITE FLECKED FOAM. TARZAN AND A HUGE CROCODILE WERE LOCKED IN A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE. BUT THE END WAS NEAR FOR THE GREAT REPTILE AS THE MIGHTY JUNGLE MAN'S KNIFE PLUNGED AGAIN AND AGAIN INTO ITS VULNERABLE UNDER-BELLY...

DIE, EVIL ONE!

AS THE VICTORIOUS TARZAN REACHED THE RIVER BANK, A MAGNIFICENT BEAST LUMBERED THROUGH THE BUSHES . . .

TANTOR! SOMETHING TROUBLES YOU! WHAT IS WRONG?

TARZAN, OF COURSE, COULD COMMUNICATE WITH HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS. NOW, HE ALLOWED THE AGITATED ELEPHANT TO TAKE HIM TO A BROAD PLAIN . . .

THEY ARE DEAD! KILLED BY BULLETS!

CONTROL YOUR ANGER, TANTOR. I WILL FIND THE KILLERS!

TARZAN'S STRONG FEATURES SET IN AN ANGRY FROWN. BUT EVEN AS HE EXAMINED THE ELEPHANT CARCASES, A SHOT RANG OUT . . .

THE POWERFUL JUNGLE MAN RACED OFF ALONE. AND SOON . . .

THAT'S SIX WE'VE KILLED, SAM. A GOOD DAY'S HUNTING, EH?

HEY, JED . . . LOOK!

TWO CRUEL-FACED WHITE MEN, SAM FULLER AND JED STONE, TURNED TO FACE THE ANGRY TARZAN..

WHY YOU KILL? YOU NOT NEED FOOD. ELEPHANTS MY FRIENDS!

WHAT'S IT TO YOU? WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY, WILD MAN?

HAW! HAW! HEAR THAT, JED—THE BRUTES ARE HIS FRIENDS!

NOW LISTEN, WILD MAN, WE KILLED 'EM BECAUSE WE FELT LIKE IT, SEE? NOW CLEAR OFF BEFORE WE PUT A FEW SLUGS IN YOU!

BUNCHING HIS HUGE FISTS, TARZAN STEPPED FORWARD ANGRILY . . .

YOU HEARD ME, WILD MAN —NOW GET GOING!

PERHAPS THIS WILL CONVINCE YOU WE MEAN BUSINESS. AND NEXT TIME I WON'T AIM TO MISS!

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REALISING HE STOOD NO CHANCE AGAINST THE RIFLES, TARZAN STRODE AWAY. AND FROM A HIGH KNOLL, TANTOR LOOKED ON, STARING WITH HATE-FILLED EYES AT THE TWO HUNTERS!
COME ON, JED, WE'VE OVER-STAYED OUR TIME. I DON'T FANCY TRAVELLING THROUGH THE JUNGLE IN THE DARK!
QUIT WORRYIN', SAM. WE'VE GOT THIS BLIGHTER TO GUIDE US! COME ON, YOU LAZY SKUNK— PICK UP THE GEAR AND LET'S GET MOVING!
YES, BWANA!
NIGHT WAS FALLING WITH TROPICAL SUDDENNESS. AND WITH FEARFUL GLANCES AT THE TWO WHITE HUNTERS, THE YOUNG NATIVE LED THE WAY INTO THE JUNGLE . . .
WE HIRED YOU TO WORK, YOU IDLE DEVIL! NOW COME ON, HURRY IT UP, OR I'LL PUT A BULLET IN YOUR WORTH-LESS CARCASS!
SUDDENLY . . .
WHAT THE-?
AAAGH!
SWINGING RAPIDLY THROUGH THE TREES, TARZAN SET THE BEMUSED NATIVE DOWN IN A FAR-OFF CLEARING . . .
HAVE NO FEAR. I AM TARZAN. NOW RETURN TO YOUR VILLAGE AT ONCE. I WILL PUNISH THOSE TWO HUNTERS!
YES, YES, O MIGHTY ONE! YOU HAVE RESCUED ME FROM EVIL MEN!
BUT KEEN EYES FOLLOWED THE PROGRESS OF THE POOR NATIVE AND THE TWO RUTHLESS HUNTERS . . .
THE JUNGLE IS A TERRIFYING PLACE AT NIGHT. IMAGINATIONS RUN WILD. AND SOON, COMPLETELY LOST WITHOUT THEIR GUIDE, FULLER AND STONE WERE GRIPPED BY FEAR . . .
S-SOMETHING MOVED OVER THERE IT-IT COULD BE AN ANIMAL STALKING US!
W-WE CAN'T SEE IN THE DARK. IT COULD BE HOSTILE NATIVES!
TARZAN WATCHED THE MEN, WAITING THE MOMENT TO STRIKE, YET BEFORE HIS OPPORTUNITY AROSE . . .
AAAGH! LOOK OUT! SOME MONSTER IS CRASHING TOWARDS US!
BUT THE WARNING CAME TOO LATE!
NO— AAAGH!
AAAGH!
TANTOR HAD TRACKED DOWN HIS ENEMIES AND THERE WAS NO ESCAPING HIS SAVAGE VENGEANCE . . .
COME, TANTOR! THEY ARE DEAD! I SUPPOSE ELEPHANT SAY "EYE FOR AN EYE AND TUSK FOR A TUSK". YOU HAVE HAD YOUR REVENGE!

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